

## RUSSIA'S NEW DOUMA

## How Opposition Won Victory in Spite of Persecution.

## INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN

Success of Constitutional Democrats, Even in Odessa, Shows Determination of People—Government Aid All in Its Power to Defeat the Popular Party—Terrorism of Authorities.

When this letter reaches America Russia will already have a new Duma, writes Sophie Witte, sister of Count Witte, in the Philadelphia Ledger. The elections are over, and again the Opposition, with the Ca-dets (Constitutional Democrats) at the head, constitutes an overwhelming majority. The new Duma resembles the first one greatly; the only difference between them is that the new Duma has the experience which brings forth wisdom. In other words, the second Duma has precisely that quality which the first Duma lacked.

The new victory of the Ca-dets is of tremendous significance. Last year their victory was explained by a vigorous and energetic campaign among the "Left" elements; that is, all the progressive parties which formed the Oppositional "bloc." "The Ca-dets secured their victory by means of falsehood. They deceived the poor, ignorant Russian people. They took advantage of the people's sanguineness, ignorance, and weakness. They lured them on with promises that can never be fulfilled; they bought them with Jewish money, and they intoxicated them with vodka," said the Reactionaries last year; what can they say now that the vigorous and energetic campaign conducted by the "Right" parties yielded to the same results?

This time the election took place under peculiar and original circumstances; the agitation of the Opposition was kept carefully locked up; every crack and crevice was tightly closed, while the agitation of the "Right" parties enjoyed full freedom; all doors were wide open, and the administration itself extended to its hospitality. All possible obstacles, the galleys included, were placed in the way of the Progressives. They were arrested, imprisoned, fined, exiled, or put to death; while the Reactionaries-Monarchists had at their disposal the army, the police, the administration, the administration's treasury, and full resources. And yet the victory was on the side of the Progressives. How is this to be explained?

**Victory of Entire Nation.** There is but one explanation; since two campaigns, diametrically opposed to each other both in spirit and in political character, produced the same positive results, it is clear that, notwithstanding this or that campaign, the will of the entire Russian people expressed itself consciously and distinctly. The victory of the Progressives is the victory of the entire Russian nation.

The Monarchists became disgustingly audacious and by their horrible, nasty, and wild acts they repulsed Russian society, and filled it with aversion and indignation. On the other hand, the extreme repression practiced upon the Progressives won for them the sympathy and the compassion of the Russian people.

The administration has done all in its power to make the second Duma an "administration" Duma. Before the elections hundreds of people were put to death, thousands were exiled, tens of thousands were arrested, and many various pretexts were used to deprive the right to vote. The powerful Constitutional Democratic party was recognized by the government as a revolutionary party and was deemed to death. The party was absolutely forbidden to hold meetings; the newspapers of this party were confiscated; the members of this party in the employ of the government were dismissed. Old functionaries forfeited their pensions for merely belonging to the Constitutional Democratic party. It would seem that under such unfavorable circumstances the party would be crippled badly, but instead it gained in strength. The fact that both capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg, elected Ca-dets, exclusively, proves this beyond the slightest doubt.

**Government Routed in Odessa.** In Odessa, too, a Constitutional Democrat was elected—Fergament, a Jew by birth, a lawyer by profession, a brilliant orator, altogether a highly gifted and well-educated man. This instance is important in that it shows that a Progressive and not a Monarchist was elected in Odessa—in Odessa, the capital of the "Russian Union," which was openly aided and protected by the highest authorities, which harassed and terrorized with impunity the peaceful population, one-third of which is composed of Jews.

Everything was done that a monarchist could be elected in Odessa. The following example is characteristic: A small company of friends and acquaintances, with their wives and daughters, gathered in the house of a wealthy estate owner. They spoke of the coming elections in a general way—it was nothing else than a peaceful gathering of friends. Suddenly the police broke in and, amid the confusion that ensued, took the names of all those that were there and ordered the host to send the guests away at once. But that was not all. On the following day the governor general ordered that the estate owner must leave the city immediately, and each of the guests that were present must pay a fine of 1000 rubles or be imprisoned for one month. Those that had the money paid the fine in the streets, and those that had not were sent to prison and they are still there.

In the meantime the "Russian Union," the "Black Union of Russian Hosts," as they are now called, conducted their campaign uninterrupted, both openly and secretly. The Black Union organized a Druzhina of fanatical youths and fallen people who had nothing to lose, armed them with rubber sticks and revolvers and sent them out to terrorize the peaceful inhabitants, particularly the Jews and the students, whom they regarded as revolutionists. There were riots and attacks every day in the streets, occasionally followed by very serious consequences. Scores of people, mostly Jews, were beaten and seriously wounded, and sometimes Christians were also attacked by mistake. One Christian student died from the blows; another is now dying in the hospital. The Jews were terrified and they resolved at first not to go to the polls on election day, but there appeared brave and energetic people who succeeded in persuading them to go to vote, even though they knew that they were risking their lives.

**Efforts to Start Massacre.** Election day passed in comparative quiet. The members of the "Black Union" tore the ballots from the hands of the voters, forcing them to take other ballots; they shouted, threatened, but did not resort to harsher violence. And yet all the efforts of the union did not prevent the election of the Constitutional Democrat. The union then resolved to avenge the people for this terrible and unexpected blow which was dealt to their patriotic egotism. Patriotic demon-

strations were started. A mob of thousands of members of the Russian Union marched through the city with flags and the portrait of the Czar, singing hymns. While the procession was passing through one of the principal streets the leaders of the mob announced loudly, "If one shot will be fired at us, the city will be in blood and fire."

The members of the union were waiting for this shot with great impatience, but the shot was not fired. This comedy of the provocateurs, which threatened every moment to turn into tragedy, lasted for two days. Then they grew tired of waiting in vain, and they took up their old work and began to attack peaceful people, mostly Jews and students.

Little by little these disturbances, unchecked and unhindered by the police, assumed a new character, and they turned into the prelude to a massacre. Several Jewish shops were destroyed. Then the mob broke into private houses in the Jewish quarter, searching and attacking many Jews and killing a Christian servant. This lawless and riotous mob was stopped by the authorities, but by the society itself, or rather, the society forced the authorities to an end to the disturbances and to check the union of the real Russians. In this case society employed the only means at its command—strike. The schools were closed, the stock exchange, and many other institutions were closed. The disorders stopped immediately, but the general strike continued. This measure proved so effective that even the bomb thrown at the Odessa chief of police, the protector of the "Russian Union," did not cause any disturbance.

## BRIDGE WHIST IN HIGH LIFE

## Smart Houses Turned Into Private Gambling Resorts.

Women Who Make Expenses at the Play—Creditors No Bugbear If Cards Come Right.

Night after night when the simple little mistress of the Harlem flat is turning out the gas for the night, the mistress on Fifth avenue, or Riverside, is marshaling her guests for the nightly battle of cards, says the Broadway Magazine. Footmen are placing little tables in the drawing room; partners are drifting together, and the air is pregnant with subtle excitement and the lure of the game.

When bridge enters, the smart house takes on the atmosphere of a public gambling place; and the hostess in the flush of this excitement, this turn-about-face of the fact that those present are her guests, she makes no effort to keep the poor ones from being teased, nor does she protect the amateur from sharpers—and "sharpers" there are in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. They may be clothed as the lilies of the field, and their hands show that they toil not, neither do they spin, yet they are there to make a living. It is this astounding distortion of the normal viewpoint which makes bridge a revolting sight to those who look on, as that many of these have been led away from the game by the diabolical of their better natures. Weakened nerves and depleted purses are bad enough, but still worse is the disappearance of that American trait we prize so greatly—the sense and practice of true hospitality. The hostess who has become an avaricious gambler, who is often in fact an arrant cheat, has lost all regard for the welfare of her guests; nor, as I have said, does she discriminate as to their means. The impetuous youth, maid, and matron are forced to play away beyond their slender pocketbooks, in many cases to their utter impoverishment and consequent ruin.

"Oh, well!" said one hostess, in reply to the accusation, "one shouldn't play, you know, if one can't afford it. How am I to know just what bank balances my guests possess?" I have often come in contact with that class of players who make a business of playing bridge in order to meet their actual living expenses. Were it not for bridge, their skill and experience in play they could not maintain their place among the brilliant set. One attractive woman confessed to me that she won enough at Hot Springs, Va., to pay all her expenses incurred there in a month. And above all, she had winnings left, sufficient to fit her out with fashionable frocks for more bridge parties in New York.

"I can't go to these," she blurted out, "unless I am as well dressed as the other women, and I cannot get the frocks without going to the parties." "Isn't that going about in a circle?" she asked. "Circle? It's a circus ring," said she, snapping her fingers, gayly, "and it's lots of fun." This woman says that creditors were always her especial bugbear, but now since bridge has come into style, she can almost pay as she goes. All of which makes her credit good against the time when she must change as she goes.

She frankly confesses that her scheme for this means is to go by Polar dress, and the little money she has. She is well aware that she has not enough funds to stay there unless she holds good cards in bridge and plays them well. She says she expects to come out far ahead of the game.

## WHOLESALE JUSTICE.

## Blanket System of Retribution as Practiced in Afghanistan.

From the London Globe. "The Amers' surprise that it should be necessary to have a sentry on a cruiser recalls an instance," writes a correspondent, "recently cited by one of the Inns of Court lecturers. The learned lecturer observed that the administration of justice in this country in the time of the Conqueror was somewhat akin to the rough-and-ready methods adopted in Afghanistan, instancing the experience of the Yorkshire engineer who acted for many years as director of the arsenal at Abdul Rahman, who was fired at by some fanatic in a bazaar, and laid a complaint before the late Amers. His highness seemed to make light of the matter, observing, 'I should not bother about it; you will find it will be all right.' The engineer was by no means satisfied; but remembering the people with whom he was, resolved to say no more. A week later the Amers was invited to accompany the Amers on a ride. When outside the town they passed gibbet after gibbet, each occupied. The Englishman at length broke the silence by suggesting, 'Your highness seems to have been busy lately.' The reply was characteristic: 'Oh, no, that is your little lot.' It was afterwards learned that the Amers had executed every male member of the family of the assailant upon whom he could lay hands."

## Coming Into Her Own.

From the Fliegende Blätter. First Lieutenant—Yes; the banker's daughter is a good-looking woman, but no longer young. Second Lieutenant—Why, she's only just arriving at the best of her life. First Lieutenant—How is that? Second Lieutenant—Next year she will inherit 100,000 marks in her own right.

## WHALE YARN A HOAX

## Modern Jonah's Adventure a Flight of Imagination.

## BIBLE EXPOSITORS IMPOSED ON

Interesting Narrative of James Bartley, an English Sailor, Who Told of Being Swallowed by a Whale, Now Admitted to Be Fish Story—Accepted by Theologians.

Another hoax has now been exploded, and gone to join the Castles of the air. At the present time there seems to be a perfect craze for building monuments. Statues of heroic size representing the valorous deeds of this one and that one are to be found in every city, and there is scarcely a town of any size in which a tablet does not commemorate the fame of a public or local character, chronicle some conspicuous era, or recount at least one notable historic event.

Yet notwithstanding the eager search for celebrities to whom honor may be done that is continually going on, no one seems to have thought of four characters whose deeds have added so much of the "long run" to history's too somber background.

Infinitely more surely he done if last-minute monuments to M. and Mrs. Humbert, Mrs. Cassie Chickadee, and the late Mr. Dowie, of "Zion City," were not erected in some conspicuous place to commemorate the lamentable crudity of the times, and to make an example of those "Easy Marks" who belong to that class which call forth the saying about the parting of fools and their money.

Would it be just, would it be fitting that these four shining lights should sink into utter oblivion without an imperishable tribute to their shrewdness and perspicacity? Ah! Surely not. Any man and woman who could separate staid bankers and wide-awake financial agents from their exchequer by furnishing security in the shape of blank paper enclosed in official-looking envelopes; any one who could make a fortune of it, not prepossessing and not endowed with a charming personality, but who could talk men of affairs out of thousands of dollars; any man who could compel a crowd of worshippers to worship him, and to practically give up his absolute control of their wills and their pocketbooks; any one of this quarter, say, he is entitled to a monument.

It is the connection we would suggest that life-size figures of this little assemblage of gruffers be molded in shining brass and placed in Central Park, New York; that these statues be raised on a pedestal made of duck-boards, and that they be grouped in the foreground (some kneeling, some crouching, some standing, but all with money-laden hands outstretched to these figures) numerous figures of men of business, and that on a tablet underneath this latter group be inscribed the following words: "What Fools These Mortals Be."

## NOT A GOOD JOB FOR HENRY

## A Little Drama Staged on a Chicago Suburban Train.

Brave in Human Form Wouldn't Give Up to the Big Woman, and Her Husband Was Helpless.

It was one of the early evening express trains for the South Side, and had not been filled to the capacity which excites the ire of Dr. Marston Doty and the other traction experts employed by the mayor, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

There was some room in it when it had rounded to the Congress Street station, but there a few belated shoppers filed aboard, carrying bundles and packages of all kinds, and soon, in less time than it takes to tell, every available seat had been taken, and the only persons standing were a large woman with a commanding sort of look, and a small man, her husband, who looked like the type of the common people as pictured by certain cartoonists who represent him as a worried, downtrodden sort of creature.

The woman looked sternly about at the various masculine citizens of Chicago screened by their evening papers, and no one paid the slightest attention to her. He was looking uneasily around, knowing his wife and fearing what might happen.

One or two women seated near her glanced up occasionally, taking mental notes of her hat, her attire, and other appointments, as women will. The large man was getting visibly angry, especially as she noticed that their little train was crowded with people who seemed to be any one who was inclined to rise courteously, tip his hat, and say: "Take my seat, lady."

Finally, however, apparent that her ire was centered on a large, self-confident man, who was not reading a paper, but was calmly surveying everything within the car with a lordly glance, very much as the woman herself might have looked had she been in a lordly mood, instead of clinging indignantly to a strap.

Ever and anon the woman shot a glance at the large man, and once she caught his eye squarely and looked at him with a meaning in her eyes, compelling, enticing, and finally quailing. But the large man refused to be compelled, enticed, or quailed into giving up his seat. He beamed at her in an irritated, domineering manner, and made no effort to rise.

## Feared He Would Perish.

"The horrible thought that I was doomed to perish in the whale's belly tormented me," he said to the interviewer who sought him in the English hospital. "My agony was intensified by the calm and silence that reigned about me. Finally, I lost the consciousness of my frightful situation."

Here ended the story as told by Bartley. But the investigator went further and found that Bartley was reputed to be one of the hardest whalemen then in service. And in spite of his experiences he finally recovered and his general health was not seriously affected.

His skin, however, it was related by those who watched the progress of his case, became very dark, as though it had been tanned by the action of the whale's juice in the whale's stomach in its attempt to assimilate him.

Bartley quoted the captain of the Star of the East as corroborating his story. It was spread broadcast and attracted much attention among commentators on the Biblical story of Jonah. Specifically, it was quoted from a German scientific paper into "Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible," by Prof. E. G. Konig, of the exhaustive article in that publication on Jonah and his experiences, reliability, and character.

## Story Run Down.

The Star of the East was at sea at the time Bartley related his story, and her captain could not be seen to corroborate or contradict the incident. But now, after more than fifteen years, the Expository Times, of Edinburgh, has gone to the trouble of tracing the Star of the East, and finds it sailed from Auckland, New Zealand, December 27, 1890, for New York.

It was hardly probable that even a steamer could have gotten into whaling waters by February, the date set for Bartley as the time of his adventure. But the case against him is now decided by the evidence of the captain's wife.

"My husband asked me to write," she says, in a letter to the Expository Times, "there is not one word of truth in the entire whole story. I was with my husband all the years he was in the Star of the East."

There was never a man lost overboard while my husband was in her. The sailor has told a great sea yarn."

## TRIBUTES TO SHREWDNESS.

## Monuments Suggested for Celebrities Yet Unhonored.

From the Edinburgh (N.Y.) Chronicle.

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## BUGS ROUT BATHERS

## Big Roaches Invade Woman's Bathing Establishment.

## SCARED BY SUBWAY BLASTS

Three Inches Long and an Inch Across the Shoulders, They Say. Varied Assortment of Shrieks and Hurried Huddling Into Corners. Men Hasten to Get on Water Wagon.

While half a hundred women were resting after the bath on Saturday in the lounge room of a Turkish bath establishment not far from Madison Square, there was an uproar at one end of the large dormitory, when one of the women suddenly shrieked:

"It's coming my way!" Every woman in the room at once sat up and took notice, says the New York Sun. A similar cry from another part of the dormitory. Then the cries began coming fast and furious. One woman changed the order of things by screaming:

"It's crawling up on the couch! Take it away!"

Then one of the women who had kept her nerves as an object about three inches long, with plenty of feet, and raised about an inch from the ground, slowly ascending the edge of the blanket that covered her. With a whoop she was off the couch, and then followed a scene such as, according to the most reliable feminine authority, has never been before equaled in a Turkish bath establishment.

Women with a minimum of clothing about them, huddled like frightened sheep in a corner of the dormitory. On every side there was an occasional shriek, as of the "It's coming my way" and "It's crawling up on the couch!" One of the women attendants prodding over the baths was appealed to. She explained that the horrible objects were water bugs. True, they were the largest and most angry looking water bugs that ever were, but still they were only water bugs. One of the principal attendants, Elizabeth O'Brien, told her charges that the big water bug had been scurried into the bath by the building that is going on near by for a building.

## THREE INCHES LONG.

They were evidently water bugs that had been under ground all their lives, for they seemed to stumble and go about in an uncertain way in the bright light of the bathing establishment. They were actually three inches long on the average, according to the same feminine authority, and about three-quarters of an inch across the shoulder blades.

The woman who gave the fact of the scene in the bath publicity is a resident of one of the fashionable uptown apartment hotels. She declared that at first the scene was indescribably funny, most of the women bathers believing that the first one to give the alarm had been "seeing things." When the cries were taken up from various portions of the room those who had not yet seen the bugs believed that a sort of brain-storm had suddenly possessed the other bathers.

The entrance the bugs followed a dynamite blast next door, an interval of about five minutes elapsing between the blasts and the entrance of the army. The bugs seemed bent upon crawling up the soft blankets, and the only persons standing were a large woman with a commanding sort of look, and a small man, her husband, who looked like the type of the common people as pictured by certain cartoonists who represent him as a worried, downtrodden sort of creature.

The woman looked sternly about at the various masculine citizens of Chicago screened by their evening papers, and no one paid the slightest attention to her. He was looking uneasily around, knowing his wife and fearing what might happen.

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The situation was beginning to attract the attention of other passengers, and the large woman, realizing that she was being noticed, turned her head away from her to act. The attention of the little drama, and the dramatic personae—the large woman, the large man, and the small man—were all directed to the woman who was being noticed.

As the train slowed down at one of the stations the voice of the large woman was heard raised above the noise of the trucks. With her glance riveted on the woman who was being noticed, she turned her head away from her to act. The attention of the little drama, and the dramatic personae—the large woman, the large man, and the small man—were all directed to the woman who was being noticed.

## COWBOYS' BOOTS.

## Why the Plainsmen Want High and Sharp-pointed Heels.

From the Kansas City Star. In Olathe, Kans., there is a factory which makes 200 pairs of "cowboy boots" each week. Each pair of these boots is made to order. The company has a catalogue, which it sends to the cattle ranches throughout the Southwest. It tells the cowboys how to take measurements of their own feet. These are sent to the factory, and the boots made to order. A "cowboy boot" is in a distinct class by itself. The leg must be decorated with fancy lines and curves sewed into the leather, and above everything else the heel must be at least two inches high, and the boots made to order. The bottom of the heel must be very small.

A cowboy takes especial pride in his two-inch-high heel. He often pays \$5 for his hat, and the best of the cowboy boots cost \$10 to \$15. The ordinary shoemaker cannot make boots to suit a true cowboy; he cannot get the heels right. And so the cowboy sends away for them, and pays a big price and extra charges besides.

The factory in Olathe employs fifty men. All of the work is done by hand, and some of the shoemakers were brought from Germany and England especially to work in that factory.

Cowboys say they have high and sharp-pointed heels on their boots, not because of vanity and pride, but as a matter of convenience. The high heels prevent the boots from passing through the stirrups, and they are also a brace when on the ground roping an animal. As the steer pulls to get away the cowboy sinks his sharp heels into the sod and this prevents him from slipping.

## Implying Conceit.

From Woman's Home Companion. Many years ago Daniel Lord, Jr., as he always signed his name, then one of the shining lights of the bar in New York, was arguing a case before the Court of Appeals, when a country lawyer asked Charles O'Connor the name of the gentleman who was speaking.

"That," said Mr. O'Connor, who was rather nettled at something Lord had said, "that, sir, is Daniel Lord, Jr., and he puts the 'junior' after his name so that he may not be mistaken for the 'senior'."

## She Was It.

From the Catholic Standard and Times. Miss Gaddie—Your brother and I were partners in a little game of whist at Hoyle's house last evening. Miss Knox—Oh, I thought it might be that.

## The Way of It.

From the Houston Post. "Papa, how did you get acquainted with mamma?"

"I married her, my son—I married her!"

## WOLVES AND FOXES IN WEST.

## Reason for the Prevalence of the Former on the Plains.

## REMAKING AN IDIOT

Remarkable Surgical Operation on a Toledo Boy. RELIEF IS ONLY TEMPORARY

The surgical operation on Harold Hurley, of Toledo, which has changed him from a bad boy into a good boy and altered his mental equipment so radically that he is almost another being, has created unusual interest among the New York surgeons, for the reason that the records of three leading hospitals here do not show a result of similar character, says the New York World. There have been hundreds of excisions of bone from the skull to relieve abnormal pressure upon the brain, and to restore the motor centers to normal activity, but there is no data whatever relating to any after effect in the sensory centers, which control the mental impulses.

The total number of surgical operations performed in Bellevue in 1895 was 2,557, of which about 35 per cent dealt with cranial surgery. There were 1,500 operations in Roosevelt and 1,508 in St. Luke's, in which the proportion was about the same, but in no instance was an after result observed similar to that in the Toledo patient.

## CHILTON'S SPIKETAIL COAT

## Texas Senator's Story of How He Came to Adopt Evening Dress.

Thoughtful Consideration of John M. Palmer for a Fellow Dinner Guest and What Came of It.

From the Waco (Tex.) Tribune. "When I went to Washington to enter the Senate," said Hon. Horace Chilton to the writer, when Mr. Chilton was on a visit to Waco in 1899, "I did not possess such a thing as a dress suit—that is, what is known conventionally as a dress suit. I had a suit, a Prince Albert coat, that the tailor in my home town, who made the suit, assured me was the correct thing and charged me \$50 for making."

In fact, I had never worn a 'swallow-tail' coat in my life, even as a young man. If Jim Hogg were living he could tell you I did not affect such things in East Texas in those days. So I went